

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LEADVILLE is to have street cars shortly.

CALIFORNIA is moving for a National Bureau of Agriculture for the Pacific Coast.

GEN. HANCOCK is one of the Presidential heavy weights. He weighs 287 pounds.

MEMPHIS will enforce a strict quarantine on all tropical fruits on and after May 10.

The health of Paris is below par. Typhoid fever and small pox are the prevailing epidemics.

CINCINNATI'S May Musical Festival will occur on the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st of the month.

The decline in stocks, in Wall street, during three weeks, is estimated, will aggregate over \$40,000,000.

OUT in Colorado a man who refused to either pay his fare or get off the train, was coolly shot by the conductor.

QUEEN CHRISTINE of Spain continues to be excessively nervous, and nearly faints when any stranger approaches the King.

A NEW YORK dispatch intimates that H. B. Payne, of Cleveland, is Tilden's choice for President, in case he himself is not nominated.

The idea seems to be becoming popular that oatmeal is better for brains than fish. This ought to produce a universal demand for the article.

SEVERAL of the coal companies have announced their purpose to suspend operations for a few weeks, so as to reduce stocks and increase prices.

EDISON, it is reported, is spending his leisure hours constructing a flying machine with which it is proposed to cross the ocean in twenty-four hours.

THE obelisk which was ordered by Queen Victoria to be erected on the spot where the Prince Imperial fell, in Zululand, has been put in position.

BETWEEN the 1st and 20th of April eight and a half inches of rain fell in California. Such a rainfall is quite an unusual thing for the Pacific slope.

THERE is trouble between Mayor Kallio, of San Francisco, and his physician, the Mayor refusing to pay \$500 for having the bullet dug out of his body.

FIFTY thousand emigrants are expected to arrive from Europe in May. A few more conscriptions for European armies will populate all our public lands.

GENERAL GRANT has again returned to his home at Galena, and by this time is probably off again on a trip to Colorado, a point which he has desired to visit for some time.

THE friends of Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer, in that rural-like town, Philadelphia, have presented him a homestead in their midst, for which they paid \$40,000.

CHICAGO Times: It is said that his Holiness the Pope contemplates creating four additional cardinals in the United States. Is this another chance for the inevitable Ohio man?

MANY a sad heart will be gladdened, many a torn spirit healed, by the joyous announcement that His Celestial Highness, the Head King of Siam, is to visit this country during the present year.

It is estimated that 10,000 Canadian emigrants will seek new homes in the West and Northwest the present summer. The emigrant movement to Western points is already heavier than at any time last year.

EDISON'S new process of getting gold out of the tailings of mines is to be put in practical operation below Quebec. Some New York capitalists have the scheme in hand, and are now investigating the mines.

THE new French cable that was to break the monopoly of ocean telegraphing is undergoing the gobbling process. It is the old story of small companies organized to compete with great established corporations.

HERE is a nugget from the Pacific Coast: A Dutch Flat man the other day picked up a rock to throw at a cow. The weight of it attracted his attention, and on examination it was found to contain over \$100 in gold.

THE Detroit Free Press gives the following good advice: "Keep your eye on Congress, and mark the men who refuse to vote for free paper. Every man who refuses is an enemy to the people at large, and should be shelved as soon as possible."

SETH GREEN advocates for culture. He says that many farmers have fortunes in frog ponds, and that a little care and cultivation will produce a crop of frogs large enough for family use, after supplying the market.

EXTRACT from Puck: "The new comic paper, a copy of which is before us, is called the Congressional Record. We are glad to have a competitor; it keeps us to the mark. We note that it is in its tenth volume. Strange that we never saw it before!"

CHAIRMAN BARNUM, of the National Democratic Committee, says if the Cincinnati authorities do not permit proper arrangements to be made for telegraphing from Music Hall, he will certainly call the committee together to select another place for the convention.

THE philosopher of Puck's Sun has discovered a flaw in the Irish suffering business. He says: "At Ennisceorthy, where Mr. Parnell attempted to speak the other night, he was driven from the platform by a shower of bad eggs. It will be seen from this that eggs are so plenty in Ireland that they are allowed to spoil."

THE Australians do not take kindly to the polygamic idea. One of the Salt Lake priests, who has just returned from a proselyting visit to the big island, says that four attempts were made there to murder him, and the Salt Lake Tribune is abusing the Australians for their poor marksmanship.

PUCK'S Sun: Just six months ago the tax on tobacco was reduced by Congress, and the result has been an increase of \$776,000 in the revenue over any other six months of the last ten years. This proves, what we have always claimed, that Congress occasionally does a sensible thing. We have been abused for holding this view many times, but we were conscious that we were right and stuck to it.

GEN. HATCH surrounded and captured a few days since, four hundred Apache warriors, in the San Andre Mountains. He also captured two thousand mules and horses, which have been turned over to the Government. While disarming the Indians thirty made a dash for liberty, and twelve were killed. No casualties are reported in General Hatch's command.

SARA BERNHARDT is taking a rest. Because a critic found fault with her acting in a new play in the Theatre Francaise, Paris, she resigned, and now has a lawsuit on hand. Immediately upon the announcement of her resignation she received two propositions from managers in this country, either of which seemed fabulous, but she rejected them. Sara knows how to get free advertising. She'll be over here next winter.

THE difference in Mr. Vanderbilt's income as the result of converting \$51,000,000 of New York Central Railroad stock into United States four per cents is, if we estimate the stock as yielding ten per cent. per annum, \$8,000,000; but as it still leaves him an annual revenue of \$2,040,000, or nearly \$175,000 a month; \$16,250 a week; \$6,607 a day; \$275 an hour; and \$4.60 a minute, he need not yet sell his fast horses or his new pictures in order to make both ends meet.

A BILL has been introduced into the New York Assembly allowing servant girls to collect their wages by summary process. The law is already in force as regards New York City, and it is now proposed to extend it to Brooklyn and to Troy. An amendment intended to defeat it, by making it apply to the whole State, was itself defeated. Under it any servant girl is allowed to levy on property where the amount due and refused her is less than \$50. If her employer has no property, the debtor may be imprisoned for fifteen days or until the amount is paid.

ENGLAND seems to have overthrown the Beaconsfield government because it was tired of wars and rumors of wars. Yet it really makes very little difference to England whether it has a war on its hands or not. Its loss of men and ships keeps going on with the greatest regularity, and it would really be much pleasanter for its marines to lose their lives in a sharp naval engagement than to go to the bottom helplessly in one of those overgrown monsters that comprise the British navy. The Captain, an iron giant, went down with all on board. The Eurydice capsized in sight of land and not a soul was saved but two of her 325 men. Now her sister ship, the Atlanta, with over 300 on board, is lost.

THE work on the tunnel under the North River to connect New York with Jersey City seems to be going forward at a very lively rate, although not much is heard of it. The tunnel will be two miles in length, from Washington square, in New York, to the terminus in Jersey City, and three-quarters of a mile will be under the river. It will carry a double track, or, rather, it will be a double tunnel. Three gangs of men are now employed, and work never stops, day or night. As the mud and rock are taken out the sides of the bore are lined with boiler iron, and inside of this a circle of hard bricks three feet thick is laid with cement. Some difficulty is expected when the work reaches the channel of the river, but the engineers have calculated all the possible troubles and are confident of success. It is expected to have the tunnel completed in three years.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

It was only a very small cart she had to take her dolly out riding in; and a very queer dolly at that! So queer, that everybody looked and then turned around twice and stared again. And on they went—the little girl with the ragged old shawl trailing after her, as if it were the most elegant train in the world; the cart, an old oyster shell, bumping along the broad pavement; and the dolly, sitting erect, bundled up to its eyes, a silent yet most expressive monument of yoe.

"Sit up!" and the little girl suddenly, and whirling around she dropped the old knotted string, and bent over to give the fair rider a thump.

"Where did you get such a dolly?" asked a fine lady, who couldn't for her life help being moved by the pathos of the crying lying so deep in every little girl's heart for something to pet. "How can you bear to touch it?"

"Oud'a McCrackin's garden," said the child, taking a pin out of her mouth to fasten up the rags of her dress. "An' he's splendid—he is! An' McCrackin said he'd give me another if I'd catch him. But I don't want but one; he eats awful!" She pointed with her dirty little thumb to the occupant of the cart, who was rolling his goggle eyes wildly in every direction in a way frightful to behold.

"But a toad—an ugly, fat, disagreeable toad!" exclaimed the lady in the extreme tones of disgust, as she drew aside her rich dress, lest she should touch the object of her aversion, who, attired in a bit of bright red flannel closely pinned around the place where his neck would have been if he had possessed such a desirable portion of his anatomy, certainly was not a very attractive sight.

"A toad! A toad!" cried one or two boys hovering near. "Oh! Hi! now for fun!"

"You let him be!" cried the little girl, her eyes fairly blazing; and squaring her sturdy little figure in front of the oyster shell, she held her up like a shield, and with her right hand she waved defiance to the boys.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" cried one and all. "Oh, here's a lark!"

"I guess the 'perlice' 'll be after you, old rag-bag, if we give the word," said a tall boy, in great derision.

"You lemme alone!" repeated the child, with her right hand on her hip, and her left on the cart. "Ef you touch my things, I'll have you took up by the perlice—I will!"

The lady, unable to make herself heard, and unwilling to contend with a crowd of rude boys, whose numbers were now augmenting, looked anxiously around for a policeman; but none were in sight. The blue-coats, for some reason, were marvelously quiet.

"That's it, Joe, upset the whole thing," cried the tall boy, who jumped into the place of leader with his great enthusiasm. "Now then, lend us your knife, and we'll set this fellow adrift!"

With a shrill scream, the little girl started forward. "Oh, my dolly! My beautiful dolly!"

She was too late. The string that tied the toad securely to the seat was cut with a quick hand; the bright red cloak torn off rudely, and before anybody could think twice, he was thrust out, frightened almost out of his wits, into the big street, to be hustled to death by his tormentors.

"It's no use," cried the lady, stretching out a kind hand to restrain the little girl, who was rushing wildly forward. "You can't save him. Come with me. I will get you another dolly—a pretty one. Come with me, poor child."

"I don't want it!" shrieked the little defrauded girl, in a voice heard far above the din and laughter going on over the sufferings of her pet, whom they were driving this way and that, with every missile they could lay hands on, cruelly thumping him at every step.

"I want him. I've had him this good while, an' I love him. Oh, make me stop—do, marm!" She clasped her little thin, dirty hands, and gazed into the lady's face imploringly.

"I can't, child," she said, her eyes filling with tears. "There, see, he's dead and out of his misery. Come with me."

She took in her delicately-gloved hand, with authoritative pressure, the now unresisting hand of the child, and led her down a narrow street. Not to comfort—don't believe that, children. The toy she bought for her, the kind, comforting words she poured into the childish ears, could not appease the poor, wounded little heart, nor stop the rain of tears that ceaselessly fell over the sad little face.

## One Kind of People.

THE New York Herald says: There is a class of timid people who are afraid of store clerks, and who hardly dare to go away without buying something. They tremble at the sight of a waiter, and fee him and patiently take what he places before them, never grumbling. They reverence a conductor or a brakeman as if he were a Prime Minister, and are filled with glory if he only does not put them off the car. They always take the poorest seats for fear that people may think they are selfish, and if a snow-ball hits them in the head they turn and smile a vote of thanks to the hoodlum who threw it. They are not Uriah Heeps, but modest, unworldly, good-hearted people, who admire the saucy practical ones. But away down in their hearts is a spirit of "Wild Bill," and once in a while, when too much imposed upon, they rise up and spill things.

## Solving Riddles in Her Sleep.

There is a girl at Ruddle's Mills, Ky., who is proving to be a decided natural curiosity. Her name is Lizzie Collins, and she is the daughter of William Collins, who lives near here. Lizzie is only thirteen years of age, and for some time past has been a terrible sleeper. Her nervous system is completely shattered. Her left side, two of her fingers on her left hand, and the left side of her tongue are completely paralyzed. She has been in this condition for about five months. When the symptoms first made their appearance, her parents called in the advice of the best physicians in the country, but they were unable to all her ailment. The disease grew worse, and at last physicians in all parts of the State grew interested.

A peculiar feature in the case was the constant inclination to sleep manifested by the patient. She would sleep for hours at a time, and while in that condition her contortions were frightful to witness, and during her hours of wakefulness she suffers terribly while unconscious. But the most astonishing feature of all is the wonderful feats performed by the girl while asleep.

A few days ago several gentlemen of high standing in the community determined to watch Lizzie during one of her somnolent spells. As soon as she had fallen asleep, which she seemed to do quite naturally, she quickly gave evidence of being in great pain. This feeling, however, apparently passed away after a little while, and then she asked in a perfectly audible tone of voice:

"Mamma, are you there?"

Her mother was standing a few feet from her bedside, and quickly replied:—

"Yes, dear, I am here. What do you want?"

"Bring me my arithmetic, please; I must get my lessons learned for to-morrow."

The parents say this is her usual request. She seems to imagine that she is attending school again. The mother brought the desired book, and Lizzie, with her eyes closed, solved the most difficult problem with the greatest ease. One of the gentlemen presently passed a lighted candle in front of her face several times, but she seemed entirely unconscious of its proximity. Her bosom rose and fell quite naturally, and the eyelids never moved. She was fast asleep.

The next test was the inevitable "15-puzzle." To the astonishment of all present she treated this mathematical wonder, that is puzzling half the country, with perfect indifference, for under her deft manipulation, the 15, 14 and 13 came out bold and clear at every venture. Although she was tested in various ways, she never failed once in solving this difficult riddle, and did so apparently with the greatest ease. In addition to this, she is in the habit of calling for pen and ink, and upon a small writing desk being placed upon the bed, she will write the most elegant and affectionate letters to her friends.

"Now then, lend us your knife, and we'll set this fellow adrift!"

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## Woman as a Census-Taker.

Neatly dressed woman of uncertain age, with a big book under her arm and pen in hand, rings the door-bell. Young lady appears at the door.

Census Enumerator—"Good morning. Lovely morning. I'm taking the census. You were born—"

Young lady—"Yes, m."

Census Enumerator—"Your name, please. What a pretty dust cap you have on. Can I get the pattern? It's just like the one the lady in the next house has. Let's see, your name?"

"I haven't the pattern. Don't you get awful tired walking round taking the census?"

"Oh, yes, it's wearisome, but I pick up a great deal of information. How nice your dinner smells cooking. Plum pudding?"

"In Maine. No, I haven't plum pudding to-day. I'm looking for a new recipe."

"I've got one that I took down from a lady's cook book across the way. Are you married?"

"No. Want an invitation to the wedding, don't you? It will be a long time before you get it. You can keep your plum pudding receipt, thank you."

"I should think 'twould be some time. Have you child—Oh, of course, I forgot. This hall carpet is just the pattern of Aunt Prudy's. She's had it more than twenty years. How many are they in the family?"

"If this hall carpet don't suit you, you can get off from it and go about your business."

"Well, you're an impudent little fellow. You haven't told me when you were born, or what's your name, or when you expect to get married, and there's ten dollars' fine for not answering census-takers' questions, and if I was you I wouldn't be seen at the door in such a slovenly morning dress, so there."

"Oh, you hateful thing. You can just go away. I'll pay ten dollars just to get rid of you, and smile doing it. It's none of your business, nor the census officer's. No, it isn't. You can keep your pattern, and your plum pudding, and your saucy, impudent questions to yourself. I—"

"Good morning. I must be getting on. I haven't done but three families all this forenoon, and an energetic bang of the door just missed catching a foot of her trailing dress skirts."

Production of Mohair—A New Industry.

The Legislature of Virginia recently granted a charter for the incorporation of a company to be known as the "Virginia Angora Company." The capital of the Association is placed at \$2,000,000, of which amount \$150,000 is said to have already been subscribed. According to its charter the company is permitted to hold in fee two hundred thousand acres of land, and to issue bonds, but not without the consent of nine-tenths of all the stockholders. A contract has been made with California parties to transfer their stock of thoroughbred Angoras to Virginia, and to furnish also twenty thousand ewe goats of original Maltese stock, to be purchased in and brought from Mexico.

Although the industry has been successful in California, yet the conditions for success are so far superior in the mountains of Virginia as to warrant the transfer of the herds and an expenditure of about \$200,000 in making the transfer and in improvements.

The Angora goat is a peculiar animal found only in a very limited area in Asia Minor, at an average elevation of four thousand feet above tide, and latitude about 38° North, a winter climate as low as zero of Fahrenheit, and a moderately hot climate in summer, conditions, all of which, as well as the kind and quality of herbage, are all fulfilled in the location selected in Virginia. By permitting no breeding except from pure thoroughbred bucks, the fourth cross gives a wool as fine, long and silky as the pure stock, and scarcely distinguishable by experienced experts.

The production of mohair will be the principal business of the company, but other important industries will be carried on in connection with it, such as hides for Morocco, tallow for the highest grades of fancy soaps, furs, robes, mats and trimmings, Swiss cheese from the milk. The proper ways will all be slaughtered at a proper age. They become very large and fat, and the flesh is much superior to mutton, and scarcely distinguishable from the best venison for which the saddles are usually sold. Large numbers of hogs will be fattened on the refuse, and glue and fertilizers manufactured from the scraps and bones. The horns command high rates for certain manufactures.

Horror Seekers.

The individual who has a mania for attending circuses in the hope that he may be present when some tight-rope walker or trapeze performer is killed has been often disappointed. There have been a good many serious accidents which he might have witnessed. There have been dislocated joints and broken bones and on one occasion there was nearly a death caused by shooting a young woman performer from a stage hoist through a rotten net intended to break her fall. But up to last week there was no case of actual death in the ring. If the horror-seeker had been in Philadelphia a short time ago, however, and was still engaged in his search, he might have been satisfied at last. For at a circus exhibition in the good City of Brotherly Love a trapeze performer, a young girl only 18 years of age, actually met her death while going through her performances. A mistake, a fall, and the sickening result so long anticipated was reached. Whether the occurrence will lessen the public demand for spectacles involving such frightful risk of limb and life is a question. The chance is, we are afraid, that the effect will be exactly the reverse, and that trapeze performances will hereafter have an additional charm. Perhaps if they were rigorously forbidden by the laws of the several States the country might outgrow the morbid taste which now compels managers to supply them.

## The Effect of a Baby.

Did you ever notice how much difference a bright-eyed, idiotic-looking little baby will make in a street car? On yesterday afternoon when a *Times* reporter stepped into a West Madison street car, he discovered that the sole occupant of the car beside himself were a little happy-looking woman with two months old baby upon her lap, and a proud-looking father next to her. The baby was one of those red-faced infants whose cheeks are so fat as to make it impossible for them to shut their mouths, and whose eyes are big, and blue, and staring. Little chubby hands with deep dimples down their backs, and restless little legs that would kick away the dress and expose the fat sturdy little legs, with their blue-socked feet. The car had not gone far before it stopped for a little girl, who, when she entered the car, sat down first in a corner, but discovering the baby, moved up next to it and its mother, and began kutey-kutey-ing it, and thinking up new natural positions in which to hold her dolly when she got home. A pretty young lady in a light ulsterette and a blue veil stepped into the car, sitting down demurely beside the little girl. She, too, spied the baby, and when it twisted about and stuck its little fist out at her she gave it a finger to hold, and reached over and kissed it. A little further along a cross-looking, hooked-nosed, sharp-featured old man thrust himself into the car, and planted himself in the first corner he came to. He glanced about the car with an expression that indicated a hatred of all mankind, and then settled back into the corner determined to let no one say a word to him nor to give any one a pleasant look. Suddenly the baby caught sight of his curly beard, and making a desperate lurch, almost threw itself out of its mother's arms. It could not reach the old man, but, in straining and crowing and kicking to get at him, it softened the old man's heart, and he pinched its fat cheeks and clucked at it with a smile on his hard old face.

Other passengers who had entered the car during the meantime laughed and smiled at the baby, and when it hung its head so far over backward that it looked at them upside down, they poked their fingers at it and called it a "tootsey-pootsey."

When the time came for the mother and her baby to leave, there were many good-by smiles, and the ladies kissed their hands to it, sorry that it was going. After it had gone the car relapsed into silence, the old man in the corner drew himself within himself again; the pretty young lady with the blue veil demurely perused a book; the little girl grew listless; the passengers generally looked solemn. The reporter felt that the light of the car had gone and there was a vacancy that nothing but a baby could fill. "Bless its little heart! It was better a circus, so it was."

New Postoffice Rules.

Postmaster General Key assures us that an arrangement has been perfected by which letters without postage will be immediately forwarded to the Dead Letter Office.

A pair of onions will go for two cents.

Parties are compelled to lick their own postage stamps and envelopes; the postmaster cannot be compelled to do so.

Nitro-glycerine and dynamite must be forwarded at the risk of the sender. If they should blow up in the postmaster's hands he cannot be held responsible.

When letters are received bearing no direction, the parties for whom they are intended will please signify the fact to the postmaster, that he may at once forward.

It is unsafe to mail apple or fruit trees with the fruit on them, as some of the postmasters have a weakness for such things. Bottles of whiskey should be well corked.

It is earnestly requested that lovers writing to their girls, will please confine their gushing rhapsodies to the inside of the envelope.

Ducks cannot be sent through the mails when alive. Their quacking would disturb the slumbers of the clerks on the postal cars.

When watches are sent through the mails, if the sender will put a notice on the outside, the postmasters will wind up and keep in running order.

Old mads, feather beds, and inflated balloons are unmailable.

John Smith gets his mail from 674,279 postoffice, hence a letter directed to John Smith, United States, will reach him.

Babies can be sent as third-class matter, provided sucking bottles and napkins accompany them. They are not mailable unless fresh; and should they become chickens on transit they become the property of the Postoffice Department.

When you enclose a money order in a letter always write full and explicit directions in the same letter, so that any person getting the letter can draw the money.

Alligators over ten feet in length are not allowed to be transmitted by mail. Garlic, onions, assafetida, gum camphor, switzer, limberger, and sassaaparilla sent through the mails should be left open at the ends.

Letter carriers are required to have penetration enough to know when letters should be delivered to jealous wives; hence if he delivers a letter from your girl to your wife you can have him discharged.

The placing of stamps upside down on letters is prohibited. Several postmasters have recently been seriously injured while trying to stand on their heads to cancel stamps placed in this manner.

The English language is rich in synonymous terms. A mechanic in search of work is out of a job; a clerk in the same predicament is "disengaged," and a professional man similarly placed is "at leisure." The mechanic gets work, the clerk "connects" himself with some establishment, and the professional man "resumes" practice.

## PASSING HIMSELF.

THE Guinea hen talks too much to be a good layer. [New Orleans Picayune.]

A REMARK that always provokes a "smile"—"What will you take?"

A "FIREMAN" wants to know how to prevent hose from bursting? Don't wear 'em.

"Whom shall we marry?" asks an exchange. If you are a man you will marry a woman.

In use of sounding words men are quite rash. They talk of mystery, and mean but hash.

EVE came silently into the world on the first man's sleep year. She saw him and Adam at once.

THE man who hesitates is lost, but the woman who hesitates gets a fresh grip on her side of the argument.

THE *Sunday Herald* has a long article entitled "Froude on 'Bryan.'" We congratulate Mr. Froude that the bunion is not on him.

THE difference between a church organist and the catarrh is said to be that the one knows the stops and the other stops the nose.

A COUNTRY editor has written to his member of Congress that they must remove the tariff from paper pulp, adding that he will get on a tariff they don't.

AN observing butcher has discovered that the man who can get along with the least amount of meat is the one who insists on having the gratuitous liver.

A NEGRO after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and solemnly said: "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's de color ob de black folks?"

THE most interesting letter in the alphabet that we could ever appreciate is a kissing B.—Yes, and as we have said before, it is the sweetest. How can we letter B?

MASSACHUSETTS deacons go out on Sunday morning in spring, in search of the dainty and coy little trailing arbutus and take home a handkerchief full of brook trout.

FEW barbers have their own faces. This is explained by the perfectly reasonable fact that no barber is foolish enough to make himself the voluntary victim of his own strops.

It is estimated that there are four million unmarried women in this country. Every one of them looks under the bed previous to retiring, however, and hopes to find a man some time.

A WAS may wash the stove and things. Ant black a food with a eye. And she may pound him with a club. But true love cannot die.

BENJAMIN DOTT was one of the laziest men in the town of N—, in Mississippi. He was so ind